

MARVEL

009

[dest_] [iny_] [of_X]



WONG
ZAGARIA
MILLA

PARENTAL
ADVISORY

DEADPOOL



MARTIN
Coccolo







YURIKO OYAMA,
A.K.A. LADY DEATHSTRIKE.

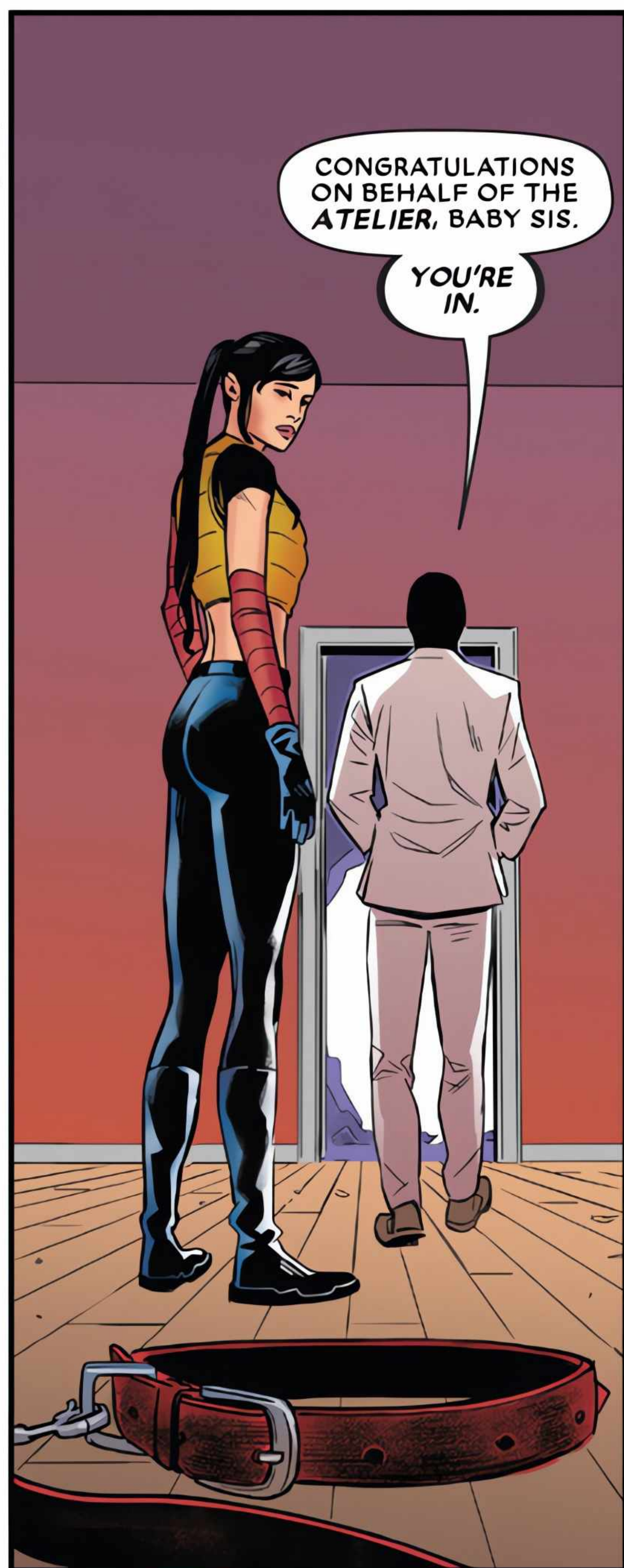
KAZUO OYAMA,
A.K.A. LORD DEATHSTRIKE.

AND THERE'S
THE EMPEROR
MAKING IT
OFFICIAL.



CONGRATULATIONS
ON BEHALF OF THE
ATELIER, BABY SIS.

YOU'RE
IN.



DEADPOOL

BETRAYED?! WHO WOULD HAVE SEEN THIS COMING? THE WATCHER?!

Deadpool's in the hot seat now as Atelier's attempts to capture the giant symbiote dog that Deadpool incubated in his chest as a result of the Harrower's experiments have escalated rapidly. Together, Deadpool and former Atelier agent Valentine Vuong managed to fend off the first wave of assassins, but fell to Alcaudón and Ms. Gingko. Now, trapped, de-armed, betrayed by Lady Deathstrike and at the Atelier's mercy, things aren't looking too good for these two star-crossed lovers.

WHAT THE HELL, YURIKO???

I MEAN WITH AN ASS LIKE THIS, ANY SEAT IS A HOT ONE— YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I BETTER GET ONE HELL OF A MOTHER'S DAY GIFT NEXT YEAR IS ALL I'M SAYING...

A.K.A. THE LOVE OF MY LIFE, A.K.A. MY HONEY BUNCHES OF OATS, A.K.A. SUGARBOOTS.

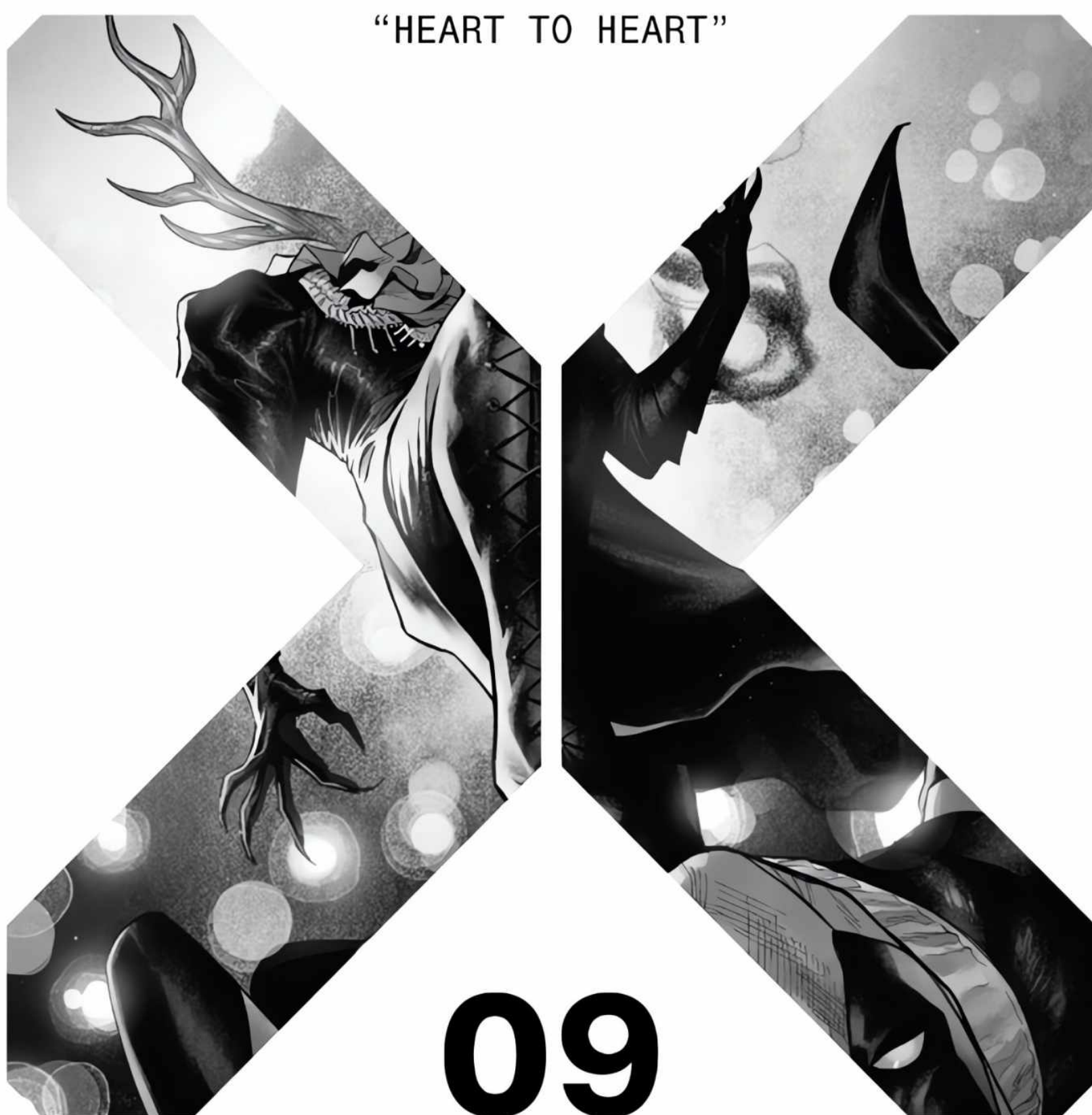
AND IN VALENTINE'S CASE, THAT'S QUITE LITERAL.



[DEADPOOL]



[VALENTINE VUONG]



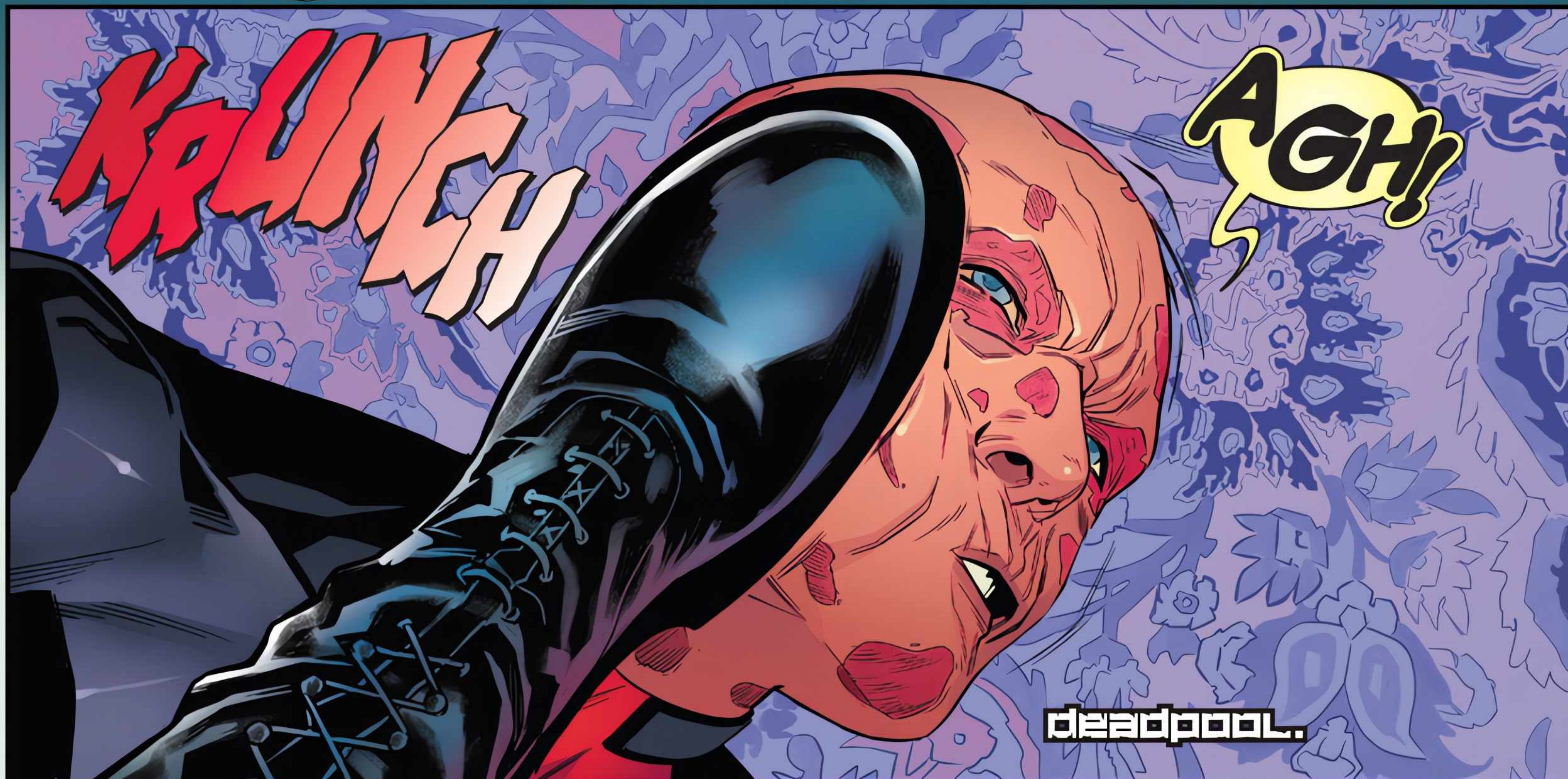
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ATELIER HQ.



KRUNCH

AGH!

deadpool.



**THE HORNED
EMPEROR.**

WE HAVE
TO SAY, DEADPOOL,
WE'RE *ENJOYING*
THIS.



I THOUGHT
I'D ENJOY THIS
MORE.

I GUESS
**DERANGED
JACKALOPE**
DOESN'T DO
IT FOR ME.

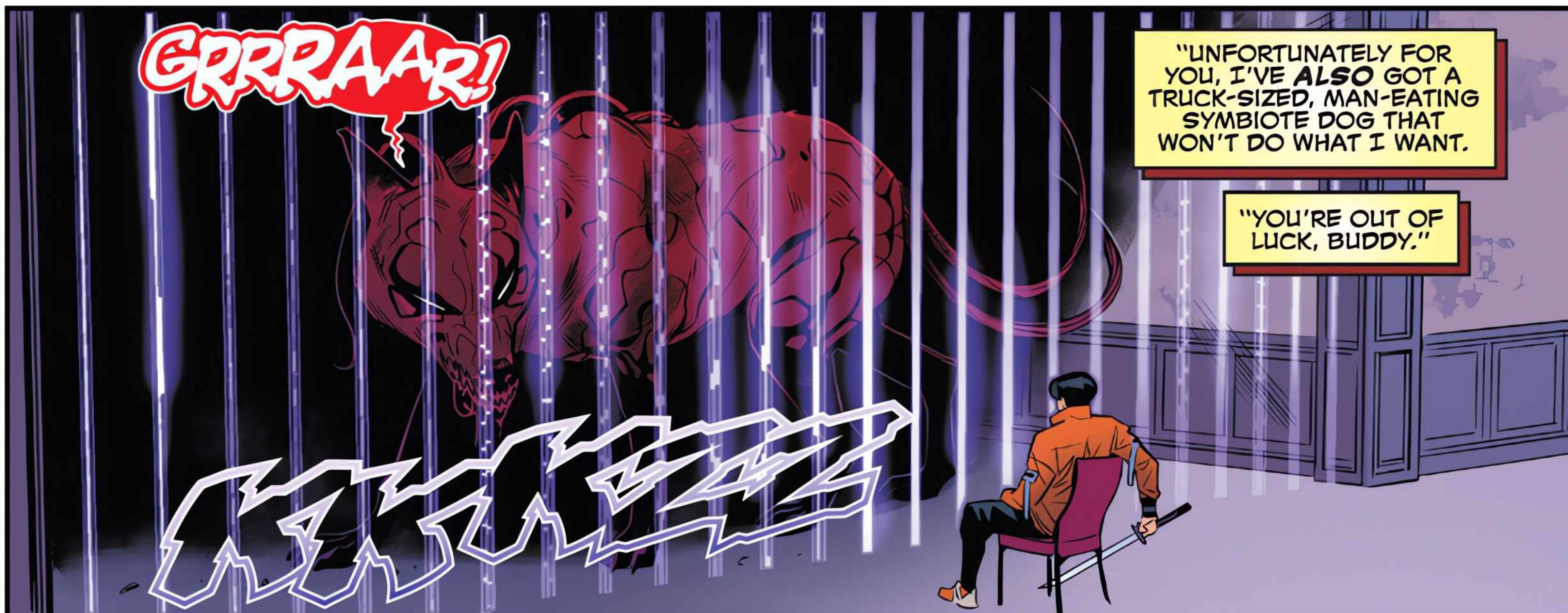


HAGK!



THIS
CAN ALL BE
OVER IF YOU
CEDE CONTROL
OF *PRINCESS*
TO US.

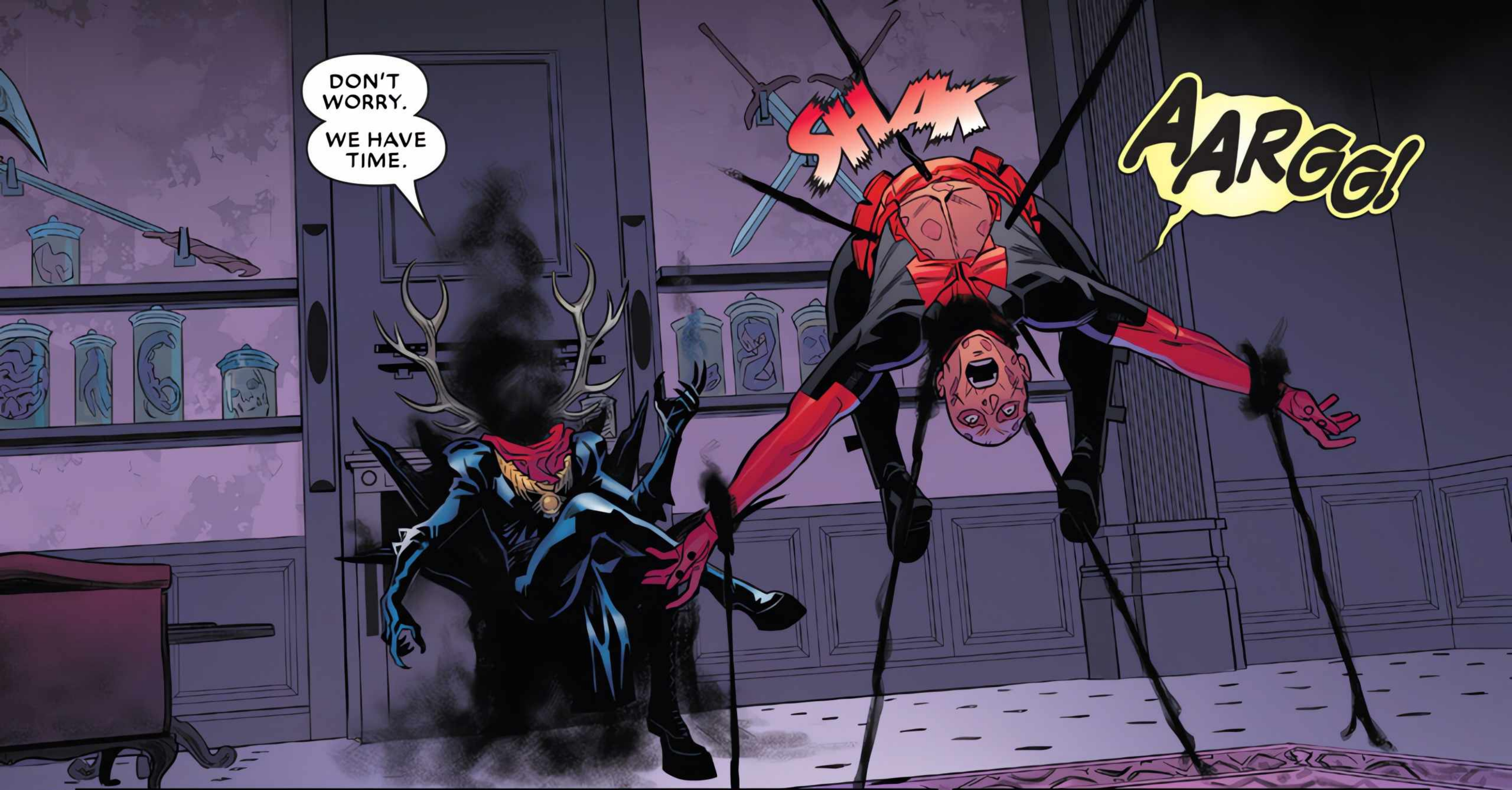
RIGHT...
BECAUSE THE
LAST THING YOU
NEED IS A **TRUCK-
SIZED, MAN-EATING
SYMBIOTE DOG**
THAT WON'T DO
WHAT YOU
WANT.



GRRRAAR!

"UNFORTUNATELY FOR
YOU, I'VE **ALSO** GOT A
TRUCK-SIZED, MAN-EATING
SYMBIOTE DOG THAT
WON'T DO WHAT I WANT.

"YOU'RE OUT OF
LUCK, BUDDY."



DON'T WORRY.
WE HAVE TIME.

AARGG!



"TIME AND SO MUCH MORE."

UGH!



WADE!

♥VALENTINE VUONG♥



HEY, VALENTINE.

ARE YOU...
UH...PICKUP
LINES TOO HARD
TO THINK OF
RIGHT NOW...



IT'S OKAY.
LOOKS LIKE I
WON'T BE PICKING
UP MUCH OF
ANYTHING
EITHER.

UM.
UNFORTUNATELY,
NO.

DO...
THOSE GROW
BACK?



HOLD UP,
BUT--I SAW
DOC OCK
SHATTER ONE OF
YOUR ARMS AT
THE ZOO!*

WHAT HAPPENED
THEN?!

*DURING OUR VERY
ROMANTIC FIRST DATE
IN DEADPOOL #4!

THE
HORNED EMPEROR
RECONSTRUCTED
THEM. WHAT A
THING TO SEE.

LADY
DEATHSTROKE! I MEAN
DEATHSTRIKE!

YOU'RE
HERE TO
RESCUE US!

...I'M KIDDING. YOU'RE
CLEARLY **NOT** HERE
TO RESCUE US.

UNLIKE
YOU, DEADPOOL,
I HAVE **LIFE**
GOALS.

THE **ATELIER** IS
ONE STEP CLOSER
TO MAKING THOSE
COME TRUE.

EXCUSE YOU,
I **TOTALLY**
HAVE LIFE
GOALS!

SOMEDAY, I **WILL**
BECOME MORE
CHIMICHANGA THAN
MAN, BMI-WISE!

YOU'RE
GOING TO BECOME
GROUND MEAT IF YOU
DON'T COOPERATE
WITH THE EMPEROR!

I DON'T
CARE IF THEY
KILL YOU.

BUT TRY
TO GET YOUR
\$%& TOGETHER
FOR **PRINCESS'**
SAKE.

CLINK



WHEN WE GET OUT OF HERE, SHE IS NEVER DOGSITTING AGAIN!

WAIT...THIS IS ONE OF MY FINGERS.

TINK



IF I HAVE MOST OF THE PIECES, I CAN RECONSTRUCT MY ARMS!

ARE YOU GONNA MAKE SUPERGLUE?!

I'VE ONLY BEEN ARM DUMPSTER DIVING TWICE, BUT THE THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM.

FLIP



IF THE HORNEDED EMPEROR WAS SMART, THEY'D DISPOSE OF THE SHARDS.

BUT THAT MIST IS 80% EGO.

THEY'LL KEEP THE PIECES AS LEVERAGE. THAT'S WHAT THEY'VE ALWAYS DONE.

FWIP



SOOO... YOU KNOW THEM PRETTY WELL, HUH?

ARE YOU TWO "CLOSE"?

I DON'T REMEMBER A TIME WITHOUT THEM.

THEY'RE THE FIRST PERSON I EVER TRIED TO KILL.



...WHO ARE YOU?



DOES IT MATTER ANYMORE?



GRRRRR...

PRINCESS.

SHUT UP,
YOU UGLY
DOG.

drop.

@#\$%



STOP TEASING
THE SYMBIOTE,
DROP.

THIS
THING ATE
MIRROR!

AND PROBABLY
LAST BITE
AND RÄVHONA,
TOO!



TWO FRIDAYS AGO, IT
ATE AN ENTIRE CEMENT-
MIXING TRUCK.

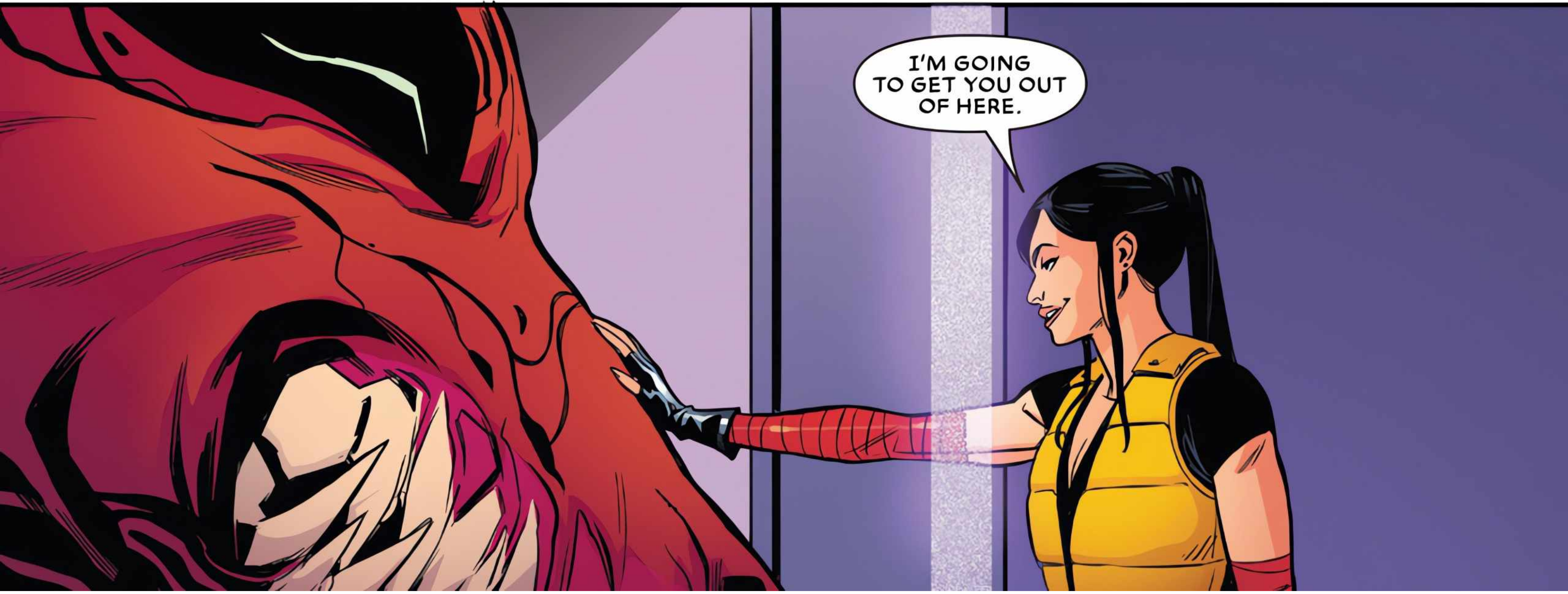
BUT IF YOU
WANT TO BE ITS
NEXT SNACK, BE
MY GUEST.

TCH.

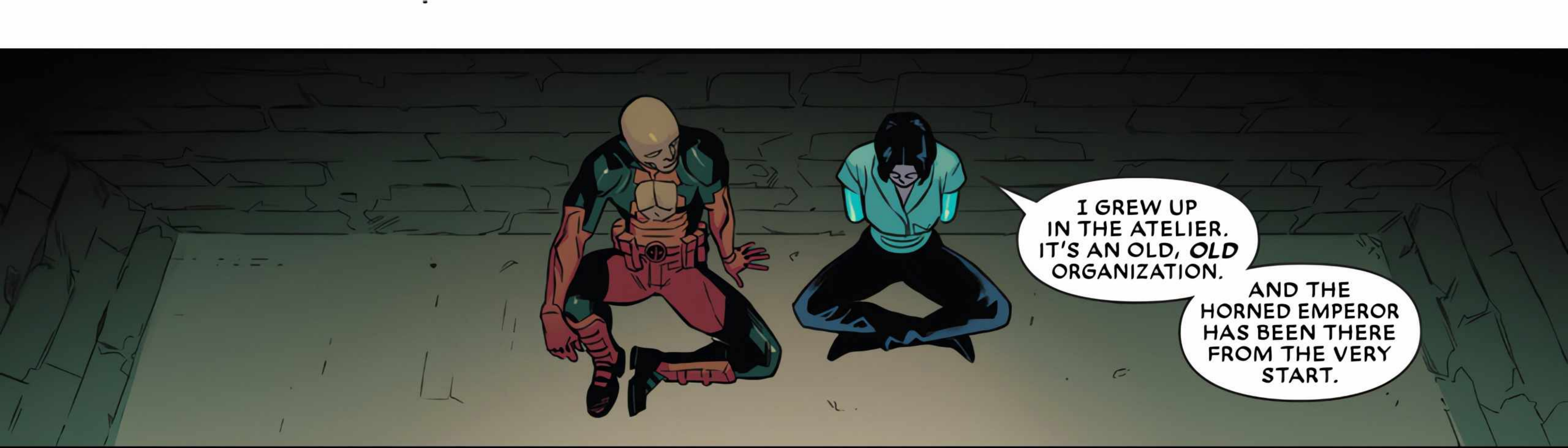


GRRRRRR...

SHH.
IT'S OKAY,
GIRL.



I'M GOING
TO GET YOU OUT
OF HERE.



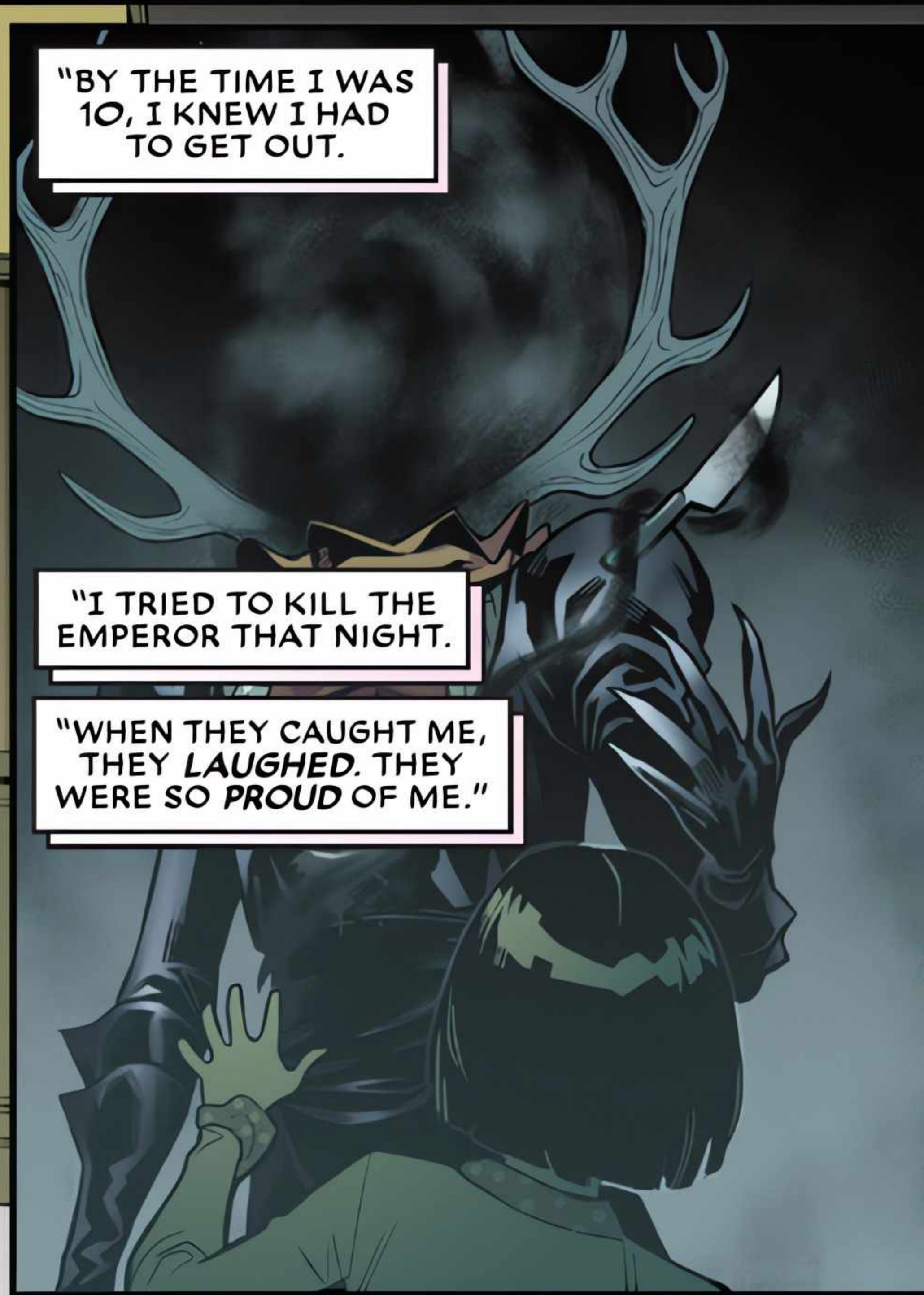
I GREW UP
IN THE ATELIER.
IT'S AN OLD, OLD
ORGANIZATION.

AND THE
HORNED EMPEROR
HAS BEEN THERE
FROM THE VERY
START.



"WHEN I WAS A KID, I
LOOKED THROUGH
THE ATELIER
ARCHIVES.

"THE EMPEROR WAS IN
EVERY SINGLE PICTURE,
PAINTING, ETCHING.
EVERYTHING.



"BY THE TIME I WAS
10, I KNEW I HAD
TO GET OUT.

"I TRIED TO KILL THE
EMPEROR THAT NIGHT.

"WHEN THEY CAUGHT ME,
THEY **LAUGHED**. THEY
WERE SO **PROUD** OF ME."



YIKES.

YEAH. THAT
WAS A ROUGH
YEAR.

ADD IN A
SURPRISE X-GENE
AND, "CONGRATS!
YOUR HANDS ARE
MADE OF GLASS
AND NEEDLES!"



MY POINT IS, NO
ONE LEAVES THE
ATELIER.

WHY WOULD
THEY? IT'S **GLAMOROUS**.
EXCLUSIVE. PERFECT.

JUST LIKE
KRAKOA.

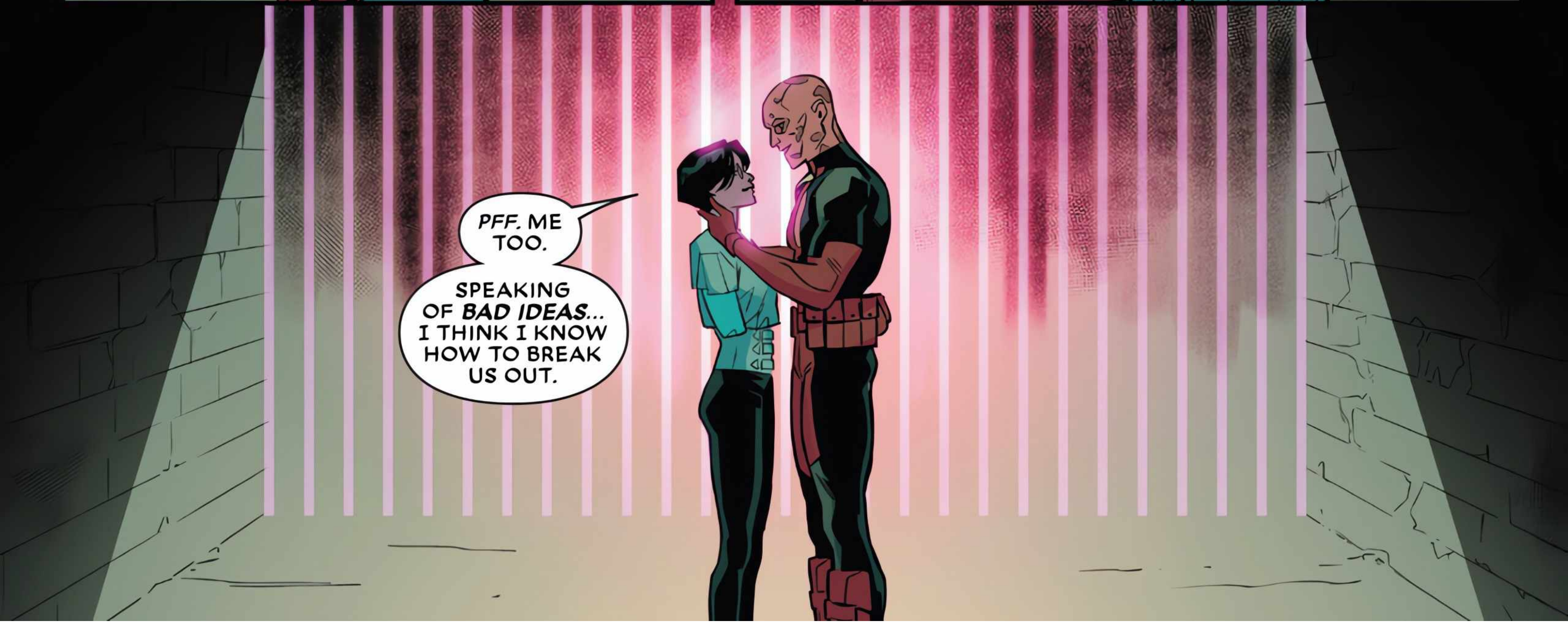


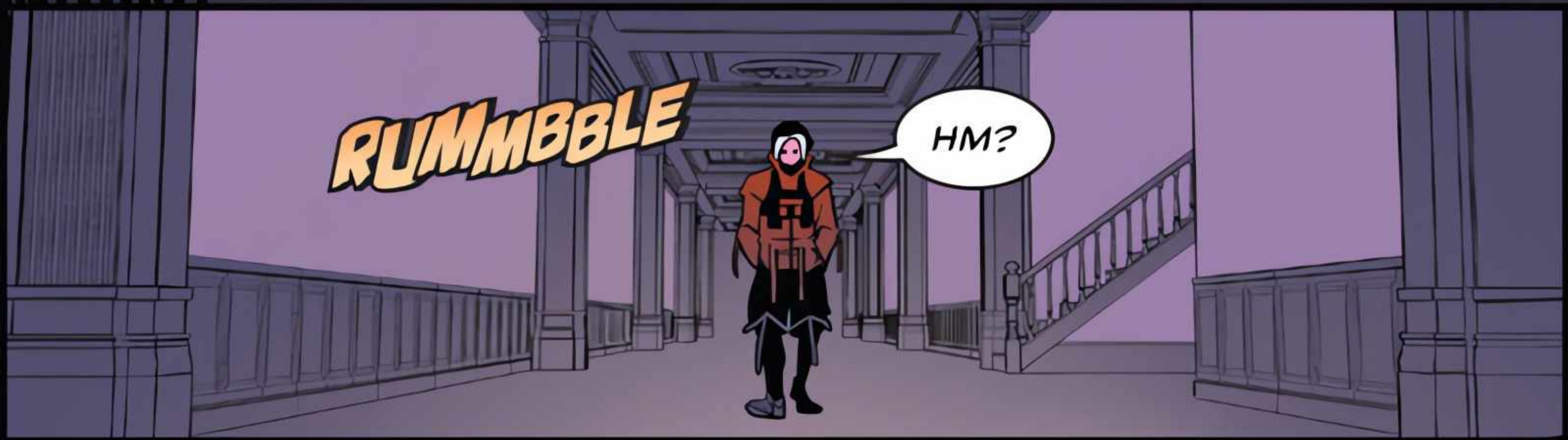
THE ONLY
WAY TO ESCAPE
IS TO **COMPLETELY**
DESTROY IT. AND THAT
MEANS DESTROYING
THE **EMPEROR**.

I'VE
TRIED FOR
YEARS. I CAN'T
DO IT.



BUT YOU
CAN.





RUMMBLE

HM?



OUT OF THE WAY! ANIMAL CROSSING!

WHAT THE ?!

RRRUUMBLE



GAH!

STOMP



THESE DAYS, I
FEEL LIKE A WHOLE
BOX OF ANIMAL
CRACKERS.

THE HARROWER
REALLY LEFT CHUNKS
OF ALL THESE THINGS
INSIDE ME?



"THAT'S A SOLID CASE
OF MALPRACTICE IF I'VE
EVER SEEN ONE."

THE HARROWER'S
LAB, NYC.

...DID
YOU FEEL
SOMETHING?

KRII.

HUH.



SO IS
INJECTING YOU
WITH THE *GROWTH
HYPERACCELERANT* I
JUST SYNTHESIZED
TO CUT THOSE
THINGS OUT
OF YOU.



"LUCKILY, I'M
NOT ACTUALLY
A DOCTOR."

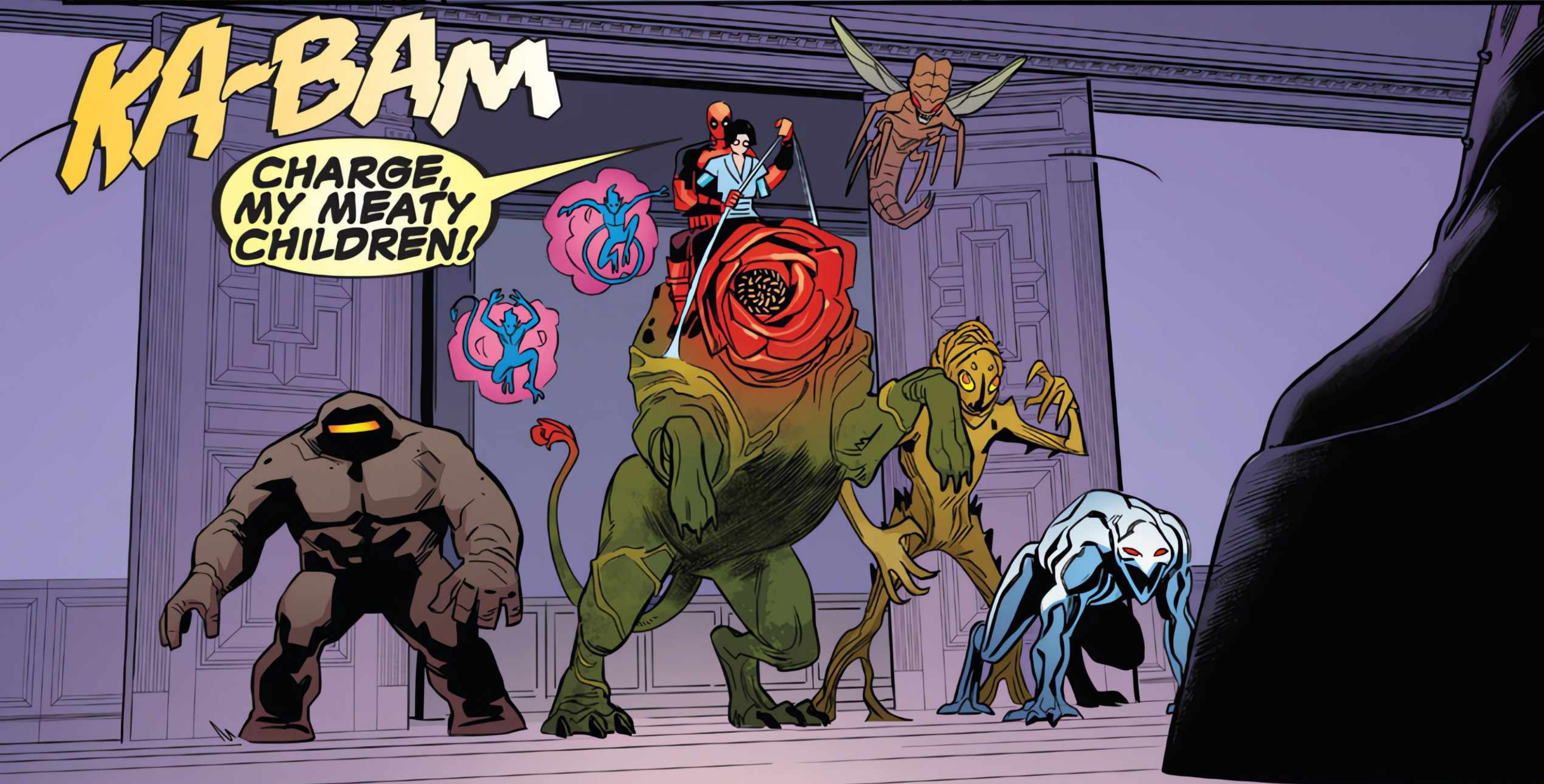
"TOO BAD--I WAS
ENJOYING BEING YOUR
SEXY PATIENT."

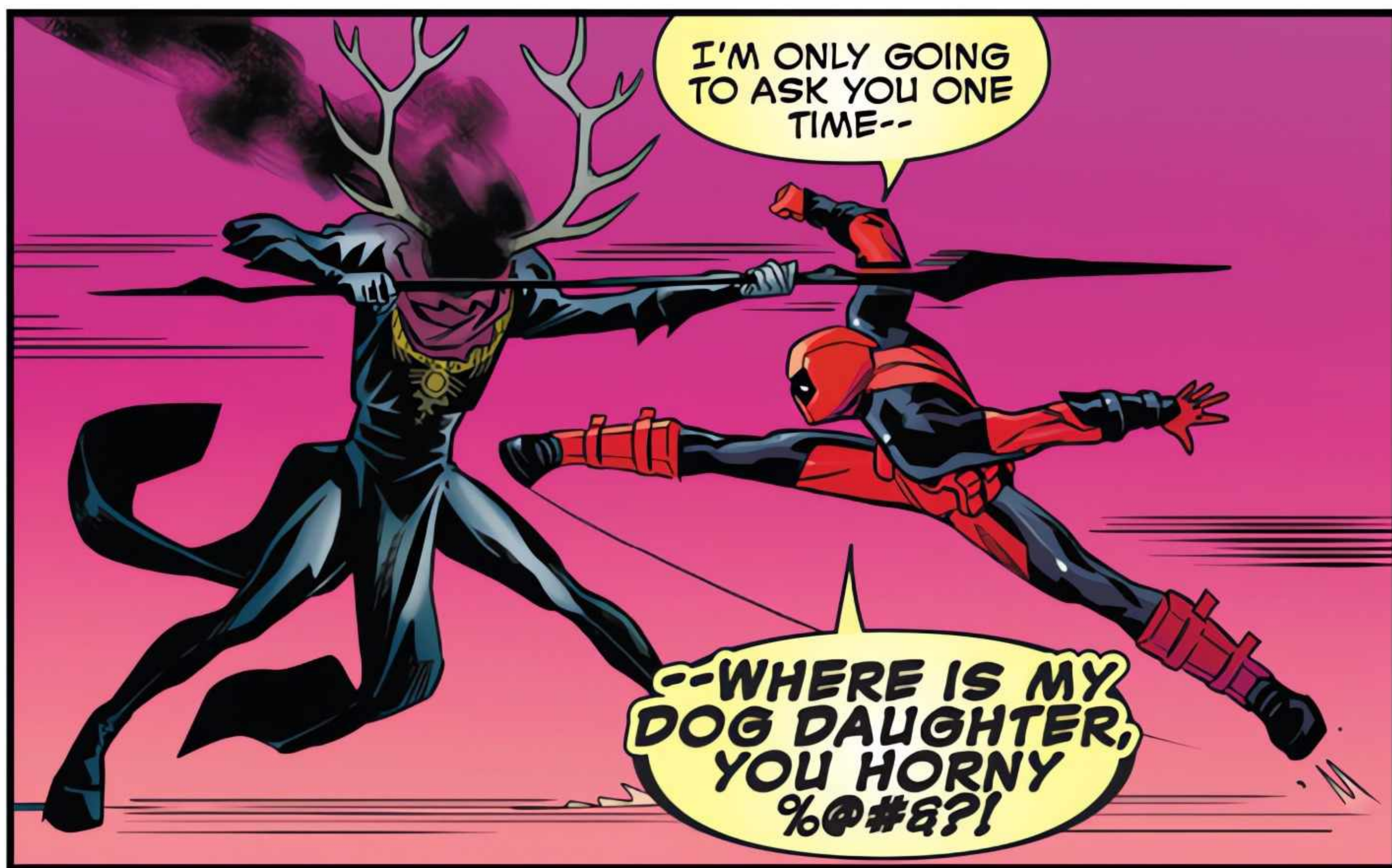
"I GUESS THAT'S
WHY GOD INVENTED
ROLEPLAY."

CLICK

KA-BAM

CHARGE,
MY MEATY
CHILDREN!

















WHICH
MEANS IT'S OPEN
SEASON.

THE KING
IS DEAD, LONG
LIVE THE--



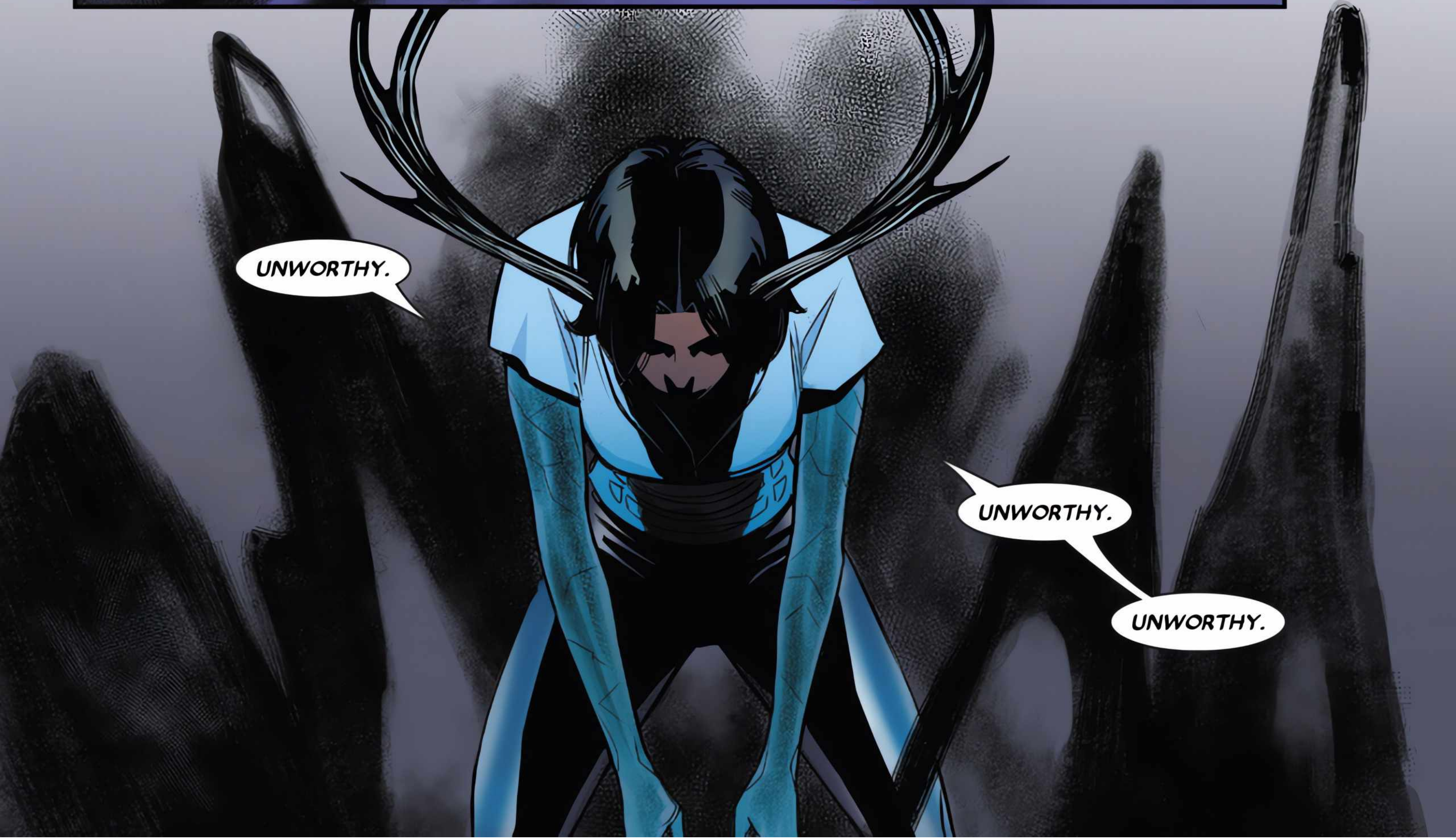
WHAT THE
HELL?!

KRRKKK



ENOUGH.

WE SEE EACH
OF YOUR PETTY
AMBITIONS AND
RENDER OUR
JUDGMENT.



UNWORTHY.

UNWORTHY.

UNWORTHY.



NOW, MY
ATELIER...

...KNEEL
BEFORE YOUR
EMPEROR.

TO BE CONCLUDED(?)
IN DEADPOOL #10!

Profiles

NAME: Unknown

ALIAS: The Horned Emperor

AFFILIATION: The Atelier

SPECIES: Unknown *SOMEONE DIDN'T DO THEIR RESEARCH, HUH?*

DETAILS: The Horned Emperor is a faceless, fleshless entity who speaks in a chorus of voices. As far as all records show, the Horned Emperor has presided over the Atelier since its very inception. Either they are ageless, or their method of prolonging their existence relies on something else entirely... Regardless, they remain a mystery.

APPARENT CAUSE OF DEATH: Katana to the not-quite-face.



BYE-BYE YAGA,
[Redacted]

Profiles

NAME: Nat Chang

ALIAS: Drop

A.K.A. HYPEBEAST. THIS GUY'S ONE LEASED WHITE FERRARI WITH A LUXURY-BRAND DECAL SLAPPED ON THE SIDE AWAY FROM BEING A STATISTIC.

AFFILIATION: The Atelier

SPECIES: Human

DETAILS: Nathan Chang, A.K.A. Drop, grew up in Santa Monica, California. His gravity-manipulation powers were the result of an elementary-school science-fair experiment mishap. Despite this, his project won first place that year.

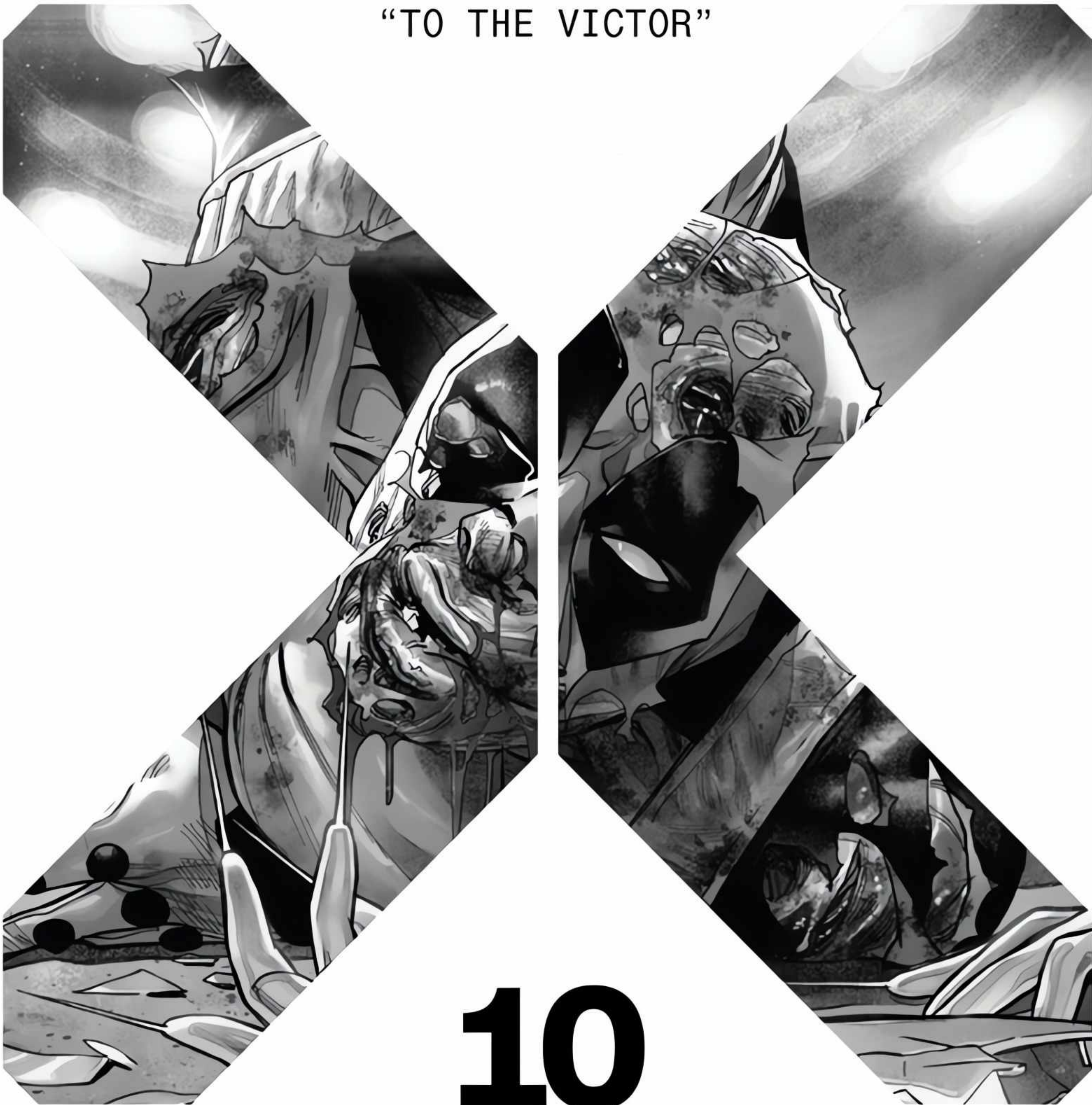
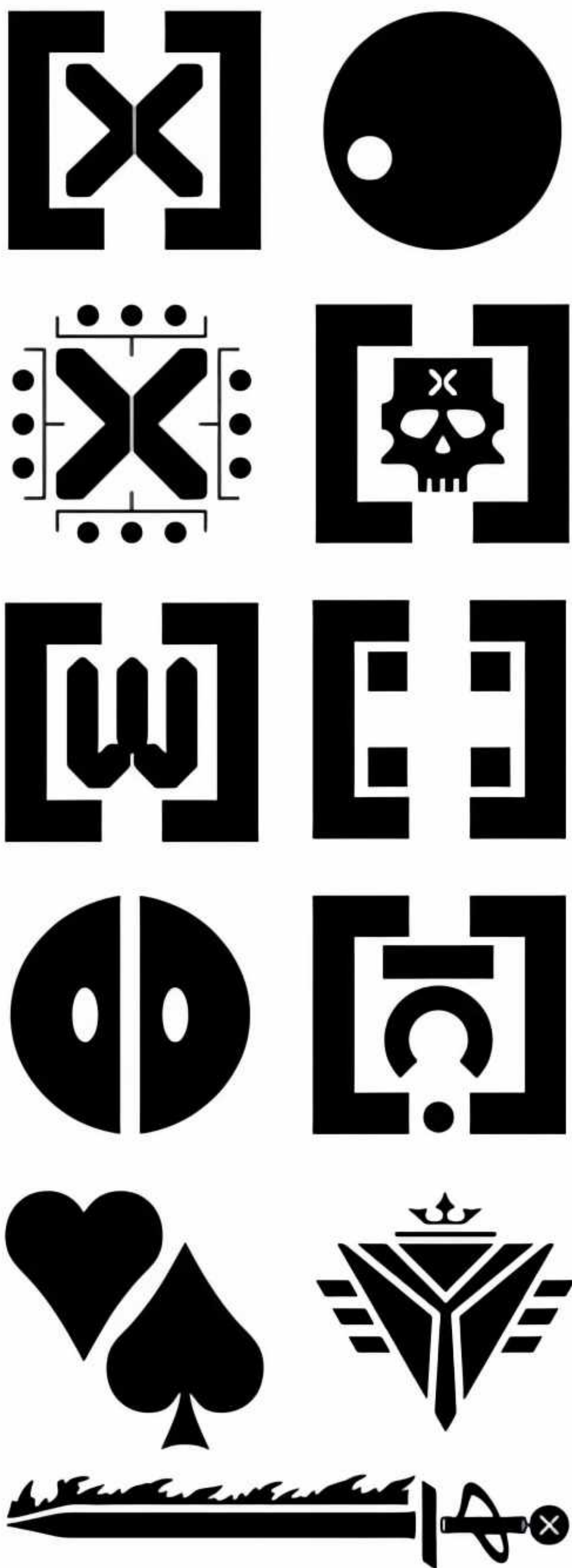
WOW, OKAY. SOME PEOPLE HAVE IT ALL, I GUESS.

A self-described sneakerhead, Chang is as passionate about street fashion as he is about murder. His ugly attitude is one hundred percent homegrown.

APPARENT CAUSE OF DEATH: *PENDING*



ic
NEXT



ISSUE:

NEW MUTANTS LETHAL LEGION #5

WOLVERINE #35

X-MEN RED #13

X-MEN: HELLFIRE GALA 2023 #1

➤ DEADPOOL #9

X-MEN #25

ASTONISHING ICEMAN #1

IMMORTAL X-MEN #14

CHILDREN OF THE VAULT #1